

Fact or Fiction

A Past Unknown

Staring at the canvas of life, what seems to be evidence is deception, you know it but dont want it. Itching ears will hear what they want to hear. Ignorance distorts reality when we are all living in a fantasy with what we want and see is how it must be. Buy in to what we think is fact is an illusion to cope with our selfishness. I wont be deceived; your tactics wont affect me. A war is raging, will we be consumed? We are infected with symptoms untreated, we fell for the lie to be immune of the poison pouring out to destroy, consume, stay away, ruin lives so precious with deceit to believe theres nothing more than what we see. Get out of the way, you cant ruin me. This is the struggle of good and evil. Lean towards concepts disguised as an excuse for our sickness. Its a fake, we were created to discern not everything fed to us is fact. Keep deceiving with your lies, I know the canvas doesnt end when I die.

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